China There is no other book accessible to Amerfoan readers which gives, in equally succinet form, so much information of a desirable kind about China and her people as the record of recent travel in that country by Gen. J. H. Wilnow (Appletona). These notes of personal obser vations, made by one who visited the Middle Kingdom with a practical object and which are concerned with topics of interest, not to the arengeologist the student of comparative history and sociology, but to the civil engineer, the railway contractor, the miner, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the ordinary trav eller, will go into hundreds of hands that will never open the ponderous quarto volumes of Dr. Williams or touch the untranslated or at least unreprinted work of Richthofen. does not appear that the author, who had, as we have intimated, a business, or rather professional, end in view, made any special effort to equip himself for this interesting journey from the Sinological point of view, and perhaps we should congratulate the reader on the fact, for, judging from our experience of other travellers, in their own estimation fully qualiled, we should hardly have escaped the infliction of much second-hand and flimsy erudition. For ourselves, when we call to mind how rare it is for even an accomplished member of the Chinese literary class to write with unimpeachable correctness the literary language (which, of course, differs profoundly from any of the hundred spoken dialects), or even to offer an authoritative exposition of certain passages in the classic texts and earlier commentaries, we look with considerable skepticism at the pretensions of any European or American scholar to a mastery over the Chivese literary tongue. And we may as well say here that for the qualifications of Dr. Williams in particular we have never seen satis-factory vouchers, the certificates of other foreign students being, we need not add, of no great value. Far, therefore, from holding

theap the book of Gen. Wilson because he does

not profess to have learned much about China

with more confidence because it purports to

offer nothing but the acquisitions of the au-

thor's eyes and ears, which are those of a well-

educated American soldier and engineer, who

has had, by the way, in both capacities a long

Gen. Wilson visited Chinaffor no other object

as he informs us, but to discover what no ex-

tent books or diplomatic correspondence tall

and creditable experience.

the inquirer, namely, what field is offered in that country to American skill, enterprise, and capital. To this question the whole book furnishes a detailed answer, which, however, is summed up in a final chapter. The greates difficulty in Inducing the Chinese Government to countenance innovations in public works, locomotion, mining, manufacturing, trade, and agriculture, is encountered in "the conservatism of the literary or governing class." The author goes on to explain that "this conservatism finds its most efficient agent in the Board of Censors, and the system o espionage of which it is the head throughou the empire." They "supervise the business of the Great Boards, and are at liberty to memo rialize the throne upon all subjects and at all times. They are the guardians of the law and of the customs of the people, and it is their special duty to speak before the public or the empire has been injured." From their position and functions the Censors "may always know what business is likely to come before the throne, and hence it is easy for them to assail probation. They are specially on the aler than one of which good as well as bad, they have killed or indefinitely postponed before it had received imperial consideration." Now. these Censors, who are "lold men who have reached their high positions by a life-time of laborious study devoted exclusively to Chinese classics and juris-prudence," have hitherto blocked every fort of the Chinese Liberals to introduc railways on an extensive scale, although a short railway operated in connection with the Kai-Ping coal mines has been winked at. Yet by European applications of science to nation al development and defence have of late beer numbered some of the most eminent and powerful Chinese functionaries. Not the least valuable of the materials collected in this volume are the memorials on the necessity of railways from a strategic point of view of Liu Ming-Chu'an, a General in the Chinese army, of Li Hung-Chang, the Vicercy of Chihli and Kim-Yi, the Southern Superintendent of Trade. and, what is far more surprising, of Tso Tsung-Tang, the famous reconqueror of Kashgar, who, up to the last year of his life, had been the most conspicuous and inflexible opponent of innovations. Tso seems to have been converted by witnessing the impossibility of seasonably transporting troops, munitions, and stores to Tonquin during the war with France. It is true that petitions emanating oven from these influential quarters have not, as yet, been favorably considered at Pekin Never-theless, to the question, "Are the Chinese going to build railways, open mines, and erect jurnaces and rolling mills?" Gen. Wilson, in view of all the facts brought to his knowledge. replies unhesitatingly: "Yes, whenever they can be shown that this can be done with their own money, obtained at first by private subscription and by their own labor, under the direction of foreign experts, who will treat them fairly and honestly." But the author's experience convinced him that "they will not for the present borrow money on the credit of Neither will they grant concessions or subsi dies to foreigners. Bo far as I can see, they will not even take money from any power or syndicate, and agree to secure the repayment of the same by a mortgage upon the works to be created thereby." Under the circumstances we infer that an early construction of a rail-way system in China is Improbable, as there very few private capitalists in China which, moreover, has "no surplus in the public treasury with which to establish and pay for State railroads, and nothing but a great emergency could induce them to raise the money by taxation or to borrow it even upon the simple pledge of the imperial Government's

But is it equally certain that the freight and passenger traffle would pay an interest on the capital invested in construction and equipment? This question naturally received par-ticular attention from Gen. Wilson, and it is discussed by him in various parts of his book with reference both to the feasibility and expense of construction and the amount of busi-ness to be expected. As to the possibility of building durable roadbeds in the ill-protected delta of the shifting Hoang-ho, appropriately "China's Sorrow," we read in th sixteenth chapter: "A great deal of excellent which is badly located and in bad condition but, with a watchful supervision and hones administration under one responsible head. together with the construction of such new embankment and such additions to the old as any fairly intelligent man could point out that comparative immunity from devastating floods could be attained, at least till the whol question of regulation and control could be studied from data obtained by careful surveys. and a gen ral system devised in compliance with the requirements of the vast interests in volved, and in harmony with the principles of modern engineering." So much for the confining dykes; now for the particular railway problem. "I have not seen," says the author, "the river during flood, yet I do not doubt that it can be bridged and crossed by a railroad at maintained without any extraordinary trouble or expense. There are several places where by J. T. I. (Patnams), is a collection of places the interval of the old Dutch settlers of Long Island and the adollection for bridging, and also places mainland, is which familiar names and places. or expense. There are several places where

The strategic value of railways to the Chinese

Government is plain to every Western mind.

faith to repay it."

for obtaining an abundant supply of stone for riprapping or paving the approaches so as to protect them from the action of the water."

But are there not moral as well as topograph ical obstructions to railway building in the shape of the innumerable grave mounds which encompass almost every city, town, and village and which, being invested with peculiar sanc-tity in the eyes of the natives, could not be levelled or removed? In his eighth chapter Gen.
Wilson examines this objection. "I am free
to confess," he says, "that if the graves cannot
be moved, the difficulty will at least compel the location of the railroads at considerable distances from the present towns and cities It would be impossible to enter the most of those in the Great Plain without running over or encroaching upon many graves. In the hill country it is differ-ent." But, he continues. "so far as I can learn. there is no reason for supposing that the graves cannot be moved, when necessary, if the proper measures are taken to conciliate the people and to compensate them for the dam age inflicted upon them. There is reason for believing that, while reverence for the dead is a part of the Chinaman's daily life, it is not a cult of such great vitality nor of such fixed and unbending rules as to prohibit the application of common sense to such cases as may arise

Admitting that railways could be built in Admitting that railways could be built in China, would they pay? Not at first, for at present China is poorer than any other country in the world possessing equal or higher claims to civilization. She is poor in the sense of lacking accumulated capital or a large annual surplus of products over consumption. Nowhere in the civilized world is there so small a proportion of rich or even well-to-do persons; nowhere does the great mass of the people come so near to living from hand to month. Yet, contrary to the prevailing impression in the western hemisphere, China is not overcrowded. In Gen. Wilson's opinion she is capable of supporting three times as many inhabitants, for her natural resources are illimitable. Large tracts of her arable soil are of inexhaustible fertility. The extent of the workable coal beds in China is, according to Richthofen, a competent authority, greater than in any other country of world, though the consumption of coal is but in its infancy, owing to the primitive methods of mining and the difficulty and cos of transportation. This, although coal is pe-culiarly needed as a combustible, China being almost literally a treeless land. Again, from ores are almost as widely distributed as coal and there are known to be extensive deposits of copper. Even the latter are not worked in any systematic manner, and copper has to be imported for the Chinese currency. In presence of these data, agricultural and mineral, Gen. Wilson reaches the conclusion that the stimulus imparted by railways to production would be immediately and powerfully felt in China and that the profits of investors, though the might be deferred, would be certain in the end The general impression left on the authors mind by the sum of his observations is that the ordinary conception of China as a decrepit

ment. Her hour of bloom and of maturity is yet to come.

country is entirely unfounded. Rather is the opposite the truth. Considered as a sociolog

ical phenomenon, he regards her as a spec

men, not of sentity, but of arrested develop

Reminiscences of Beecher. Whether any one will ever think it worth while to offer to the world a discriminating, an exhaustive, and a judicially impartial estimate of Henry Ward Beecher may well be doubted. As a master of the spoken word, as a sovereign controller of the emotions, he has had perhap no equal within the limits of his own profes sion in this country and in the memory of men now living. He could not only think upon his legs, but his thought flowed from him with ease and lucidity, and never was the expres sion of his feelings more spontaneous, mor fervid, and more infectious than upon a plat-form before a multitude of auditors. To say, however, that the possessor of such powers was in his day a famous man is not to say he was a great man, for greatness must leave some vouchers behind it which posterity will countersign. What has Beecher left behind him precious to another generation that knew him not, and that never kindled o shivered under the impact of his voice and of his eye? He has written nothing of high quality; he has organized no great and durable religious movement; he has left no broad an deep imprint on the political and social record of his time. He was primarily and mainly a pulpit orator, and although while he lived he might and did possess the influence insepfame of such a man, like that of the actor, is writ in water. His place will be with Whit field, who to us is only the shadow of a name, not with Wesley, who, although no speaker, was an organizer and creator, and with whose personality and experiences millions are to-

day familiar.

But though we do not imagine that the future historian of the third quarter of the nine-teenth century will assign to Mr. Beecher's figure a place of eminence in the foreground of his picture, it by no means follows that ecollections of the preacher and the man will not be sought for and treasured by contemporaries and compatriots. He made innumerable friends; to the last he retained many; and in their eyes, at least, he will abide a potent, commanding, beloved individuality. Whatever we may personally think of his character and conduct at a certain crisis of his life, or whatever limitations we might set to the depth and circuit of his intellect, we cannot, without visual obliquity, refuse to recognize the strength of his hold on the affections and respect of thousands, or dispute the value of the services which he rendered at certain epochs not only to the people among whom he lived and worked but to the commonwealth at large. When such a man- has lately gone from us, what is craved and prized both by those who were close to him and the far wider circle that followed his career with lively interest is reminiscence, not estimate, the generous, the loyal, and, if you please, the gushing tribute of sincere admirers and devoted friends, not the chilling criticism which insists on probing the worth of the inadequate memorials of the man's achievement which survive in print.

It is a service of this kind which Mr. JOSEPH Howard, Jr., has essayed to do for Mr. Beecher and for the many thousands who esteemed him and regret him. Although to his book the publishers (Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia) have given the title of Life of Henry Ward Beecher, the author himself does not profess to offer a complete biography, but only glimpses of such features of the subject's life and personality as in the judgment of an old and trusted friend were truly salient. Keeping in view the modest limitations of the writer's purpose, it seems to us that every friend of Mr. Beecher's should be keenly sensible of the tact and loy-alty with which it has been carried out. Many things we learn from these informal, unpretentious memoranda, which could only have been gleaned from the cherished recollections of old and intimate acquaintance, yet so assiduously has the author effaced hims at first the subject seems to be telling his own story, through happy selections from his own sermons, speeches, published writings, and private letters. No phase of Mr. Beecher's accomplishment or character, and no impor-tant epoch of his life is left unfocusin self-provided illumination of this kind. Where conjunctive or interpretative vain, but it is always the comment of a faithful, reverential, and zealous friend. The multitude of those who saw in Mr. Beecher at once a good and a great man will be confirmed in their impressions by Mr. Howard's narrative, while they who have formed less favorable opinions may be moved by sections of this book

to a suspension, if not a reversal, of judgment. Book Notes.

"The Van Gelder Papers and Other Sketches," edited

are often humorously associated with legends of dis Sierie and the supernatural.

The Harpers republish from the Fortaightly ReCharles Wentworth Dilke's "Present Condition of

pean Politics."
In his "Saratoga Chips and Carlshad Waters" (Funk A Wagnalia) Nathan Sheppard discusses in a gossley style the methods of treating invalids peculiar to Caris-bed and to Saratogs. It is, in effect, a sanitary guide

bad and to Saratogs. It is, in effect, a sanitary guide book to the latter place and its environs. Benjamin & Bell send us a dainty little volume, enti-tled "Society Verse, by American Writers," selected by Ernest De Lancey Pierson. Is contains choice and fami-iar poems by Aidrich, H. C. Bunner, Helen Gray Cone, Robert Grant, Louise Imogens Guiney, E. K. Munkti-rick, Clinton Scollard. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and others of that rapidly increasing band of writers of gay and sparkling vers de societé, which forms so marked a fea-ters to the parecial discretizer of the day.

sparkling ters de societé, which forms so marked a fea-ture in the periodical literature of the day.

Under the title of "Bar Harbor Days" (Harpers) Mrs.
Burton Harrison has produced a delightful book about
Mount Desert, its summer inhabitanta, their sayings and
doings. A slight thread of story runs through the volume, but the latter is really a guide book, prepared by
one who writes in a singularly pleasing style, and whose
sympathies are in full accord with her subject. The
pair of fox terriers who play so important a part in the
work are funny enough to have been drawn from life.

Mrs. F. L. Gillette's "White House Cook Book (Gillette
Publishing Company) is founded upon forty years' experience of practical housekeeping, and almost every re-Publishing Company) is founded upon forty year experience of practical housekeeping, and almost every receipt given by her has been subjected to a careful test. It is in most respects an excellent compendium. We wish we could say in all respects, but the author's ideas of salad dressings are occasionally eccentric. Among the ingredients of a plain lettuce saiad she mentions a dessert spoonful of oil (or, in lieu thereof, the same quantity of melted butter) and a teacup of vinegar! That any one could survive the eating of such a mixtur

That any one could survive the eating of such a mixture may seem to some persons incredible.

"Sebastopol," an early sketch, by Count Leo Toistoi, has been translated into English, from a French version, by Frank D. Millet, and published by the Harpers, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. It is a terrible picture of the horors of war, so terrible, indeed, that it might almost seem to be an exaggeration. But Toletoi was an officer in the Russian army during the Orimsan war, and witnessed the whole siege of Sebastopol. He therefore writes whereof he knows, and his description must be substantially correct. There is no attempt at a must be substantially correct. Increase is no attempt at atory, but a multitude of characters, mostly officers, soldiers, and sallors, are introduced, each one having a separate individuality, and it would be impossible to find anywhere a more fervid tribute to the patriotism, patience, and endurance of the Russian soldier. The patience, and endurance of the Russian soldier. The more forcibly these qualities are brought to view the more the author strives to show the criminal folly of developing them in the destruction of human life and property. He has, in fact, produced a powerful appeal against warfare, written in that wonderful style which lends life and character to the most trivial incident he describes. It is a repulsive yet fascinating book, and one of its chief merits is the introspective art and anaytical power which every page reveals. The motives which indusence men in the presence of the enemy, which makes them patriots or traitors, heroes or cowards the thoughts that pass through their minds in the ards, the thoughts that pass through their minds in the second or two before dissolution—these are described with a fidelity due partly to personal experience, partly to intuition. This is the most nervous and dramat production of Toisto; that has been rendered into Eng-lish. Mr. Millet's version has been carefully made, and ciative introduction.

KING OF BABY KISSERS. The Greatest Effort in the Life of a Popular

Maryland Congressman. Congressman Lewis E. McComas of the Sixth Maryland district was a noticeable figure at the Gissey House yesterday. He has gained some reputation as a legislator, but his chief

title to fame rests on the fact that he is the champion baby kisser south of Mason and Dixon's line. He has, during his eight years in public life, reduced baby kissing to a fine art. and to his skill in this art are mainly due his election and reflection to Congress. Before Mr. McComas became the Republican standard bearer eight years ago, the Sixth district had gone regularly Democratic. Since that time the Republicans have carried it.

Mr. McComas did not invent baby kissing as a campaign art. Statesmen have practised it from the first days of the republic. But to him is due the honor of bringing it to a state of

The average seeker of votes goes about kissing promiscuous babies with all the hilarity which would mark his approach to the dentist's chair. He folds his hands behind his back closes his eyes, clinches his teeth, as if determined to die hard, ducks his head, and, as a general thing, bumps against the little one's nose

Mr. McComas's modus operandi is as different from this bungling as a Meissonier is from a schoolgirl's daub. He goes about the opera-tion as if it were a thing of perennial joy. No matter how dirty or how sore-faced the baby or how much it scratches and squeals, he manages to throw into the kiss an amount of tenderness that is sure to win the parents' hearts.

derness that is sure to win the parents hearts.

Here is the operation in detail, as testified to
by thousands of eyewitnesses:

First of all, Mr. McComas stands over the
baby, and beams on it with his large, tender
hagel eyes. Then, as if moved by a sudden

hasel eyes. Then, as it moved by a sudden and irresistible impuise of affection, he snatches the little one to his bosom with all the fervor of the deserted stage mother. After pressing it for a moment with head bowed in emotion, he holds it in front of him in a horizontal position, beams once more on the little face; then his head slowly descends, there is an agonizing pause before the big moustache reaches the little lips, the angels hovering about suspend the flapping of their wings, a long-drawn sigh of joy proceeds from the Congressman's breast, a low sweet, lingering, honey-suggesting smack is heard—and the deed is done.

The child is again pressed to the manly bosom and the final move—perhaps the most important of all—is made. Before handing the baby back to its proud parents he gazes at it as if it were the most preclous thing in the world, and then fixes his eyes on the parents with an expression which, if translated into words, would read: "And just to think, you are the parent of this little angel! How I do envy you!"

Occasionally Mr. McComas adds a new scene to the act when the vote of the father of the baby is very doubtful. This scene consists of walking slowly to the door, after the baby is deposited in the cradle, and there, as if forced by an overwhelming flood of affection, to rush back to the little one and takes final kiss. Any once who has seen the Congressman perform this extra act must unhesitatingly pronounce him one of the greatest actors of the age.

That he has a wonderful control of his features need hardly be told. The dirtiest mouth that ever adorned a baby can't make him blink. The greatest test to which this facial control was ever put cocurred last October at the Frederick gounty fair in Maryland, at the time Mr. McComas was having a hard fight for redection to Congress, his opponent being Col. Victor Baughman, perhaps the most popular permeters of the rival baby kissers were put to a terribute to the summary and the surfule state of the rival baby kisser were put to a terribut

gust from those sore lips on that early tomato face?
Look! He beams once more; his bead slowly descends in the usual way; there is the customary agonizing pause, and—ah, yes! all honor to thee, bold McComas—there is heard the
long drawn cut smack. Victory! The liepublicans break into a suppressed cheer. Baughman and his followers retire discomited. HeComas was elected to Congress.
When the Congressman was asked by a reporter yesterday how he got through the ordeal, he said, with a wry face:
I managed to thus the bady—but—er—I'll be
d—d if I hankered after is.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Fate of the Children. Oh, the children! Oh, the children! How they suffer, droop, and die In the close and crowded city, when the days are hot How they gasp and grown and murmur, in their ceaseless, volcoless prayer
For a bit of God's great bonnty, for the blessing of the

Rooms and houses packed and reeking hold the children day and night. Shutting of the healthful breezes, with the sunshine and the light;

Only noxious odors reach them, that can enter everywhere, All the gases of the garbage, all the fever-laden air.

their falling breath.

Holds them. folds them in his arms until their eyes are closed in death. Oh, the coffins nightly filled, and oh, the hearses that by Through the city's narrow, nasty streets are driven fast

There the dark Death Angel fans them, watching well

Breezes blowing all about them, blowing freshly here and there. and there.

All the giory of the ocean, all the sweetness of the air;
But the children cannot reach them, from the freest
blessings barred, And we do not need to wonder that their lives are brief

The Conscientions Chose

From Longman's Magazine. My duties." he remarked with tears.

"No one believed in me or cared
if I my virils kept;
My diligence the public spared,
And undisturbed I slept. "Yet now I never close my eyes, Hut in my dreams I see These physical societies Descending upon me.

"They ask me whether I forces To wander round the most; They wonder what I mean by not Steering my phantom boat.

"They would not think it such a joke
To ratile fetters through
The weary night till morning broke,
As I have got to do.

"Alas!" he groaned. "on blood-stained floors Again to fight and fall. To shiver round the secret doors, The draughty banquet hall.

" I say it was a heartless thought, Wherever be may dwell. Who on us this disaster brought— I'd like to haunt him well. 'And ah!" he cried, with rapture grim,

"When every honest phantom sleeps He'll have to freeze in cells, And wring his hands by mouldy keeps, And jangie rusty bells."

He paused, his fetters to arrange, Adjust his winding sheet; He murmed: "In this world of change One can't be too complete!" He fixed on me a glance of woe,

Then vanished into air; I heard his clanking fetters go Right down the winding stair. Yet sometime, when 'mid wind and rain I'm lying warm and dry, I seem to hear him clank his chain Beneath the dismal sky.

Quatrains.

From the Boston Courier. THE OFFICES OF LOVE. Age rocks the cradle till the baim of sleep Upon the lilv lids of childhood lies. Youth guides the tottering step adown the steep Of life and genity closes Age's eyes.

RIBHET. Some lives are like a day with rose huad morn, Bright noon, and eve of amber-tinted akies, And some like to a day mids: tempest born, And gloom eashrouded till in storm it dies.

WOMAN. A woman's heart with kindly pity glows, And quickly shows the sympathy it feels, she drops the tear of grief for other's wees And with a smile her own heartache conce THIS HAD HAPPENED BEFORM.

He who would grind his fellows neath his feet, Would buily, tyraunise, and overbear, Some day will with a stronger tyrant meet And be compelled his galling yoke to wear.

A Special Correspondent. From the London World. Dear friend, I sit alone to night, and so to you I fain would write; But not in humdrum black and white, With common ink and paper. Such words as I would say to you Should blasoned be in tender hue, as monks of old in missals drew Initials tall and taper.

If I could borrow just a part
of all their quaint symbolic art,
I might translate what's in my heart,
Perhaps. in fitting fashion;
But where the modern pen can hold
Sufficient store of red and gold
To paint this leafet, snowy cold,
With tints of pain or passion?

In vain you'll seek, then, on this page Fair faincies from a bygone age: Yet if you wish my thoughts to gauge, There is a way of gleaning Love's golden grain that through them shines; So do not heed these written signs.

An Invalid's Reverte. From Cassell's Family Magazine. One who has been where I have been Of old, but never more may be, One whom I never yet have seen, And in this world may never see, Has brought fresh flowers to me.

And, looking at these blossoms bright,
I think of other scenes and hours.
And see, with retrospective sight,
Fair cultured blooms, and sweet wild flowers
Abloom in Nature's bowers.

'Mid hedges green I seem to pass,
Where fox-glove rise, and blue-bells ring
And over dalsy-dappled grass,
Where buttercops are blossoming,
I stray while giad birds sing.

In clusters fair on prickly boughs
The fragrant hawthorn blossom blows:
Through level fields, where cattle browse,
The winding, puriling river flows,
And slowly seaward goes.

I seem to hear the mellow notes if which we mark the cuckoo's flight, and hear, from countiess feathered throats, The warbied lays of sweet delight. That cease not till the night. Above, around, all things are fair— Or fancy paints them so for me, Who only sees these flowers so rare, Yet, charmel and gladdened, seem to see Scenes dit by memory.

The Bullder. From the Fouth's Companion

Prom the Fouth's Component.

A. m.s. the step, how short a one,
Between the doing and the done!
Bow near the bark may come to land,
Yet can ther cargo on the sand!
Oh, give me strength, and give me mind,
To funish what my hands may find;
That none may say in future days.
"This man could hew, but could not raise."

The Banana Peel. From the Baltimore Herald. Like a bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer aun;
I am little I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold.
I blow me no waunting horn.
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man Goath forth at the break of day; But when he shall feel my grip on his heel, Like the stubble he fadeth away; For I lift him high up in the air, With his heels where his head ought to be, with a down coming crash he maketh his mash, And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am accorned by the man who buys me,
I am modest and qui t and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a camary colored Hepublican born,
And a Nihillat feariess I be:
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride If it set its proud heel upon me.

> To Apple Pic. From the San Francisco American Delicious ration,
> Bare combination
> Of fruit, preferred by Eve;
> Should I tell to thee,
> All that is due thee,
> Half, thou would'st not believe.

Half of my pain
le owed in main
To sheltering thee at night;
lialf of my pleasure
To generous measure
Of thee at seasons right. Crusty replies.

Deep quivering sighs.

From my heart's is most core;

fins I've committed,

Good deeds omitted.

All owed to thee—and more.

Yet, do I love thee, And saught above thee Or on this earth below. Shall e'er induce ma, When friends produce thee To answer to them—No!

Record this yow.
Henceforth from now,
And ever from this night,
Her most Fil prite,
Whose apple play
Can all me with designs.

water to float a house off its foundations we made no impression on the flames. When I had reported this fact the Captain quietly said:

"Mr. Johnson. I'm afraid the ship must go. Let the carpental take your place forward and do you at once set about setting the boats in shape. We can hold the fire for half an hour or more, and that will give you time to put in water and provisions."

I called the steward and one of the cooks and a common salior to my aid. Our boats were in good shape as to oars and sais. The salior and the cook attended to the water kegs, while the steward and myself brought up the provisions and other things. We had boat room for every soul on board, and the only fear was that the people might get in a frenzy at the last. We had passengers of all sorts, and some of them would be made desperate by fear. We did not seem to hurry ourselves in getting the boats ready, but in less than half an nour we had every one ready for launcaing. Each boat had water and provisions for ten days for its complement, and we put in some clothing, whe, habing tackle, spare sails, &c. In the boat which I was to have charge of I placed my revolver and a box of cartridges, and, later on, a musket and a lot of blank cartridges for firing signais. I personally inspected each keg of water to see that it was fresh, and I looked into every boat to see that the mast and sai and oars were there. When I reported to the Captain again he replied:

"Very well. Quietly call some of the men aft and we will is unon the boats."

I got eight or ten men together, some pasengers and some saliors, and while we were getting the quarter boats over and alongside the first mate and a lew sallors got the long boat off her chocks and over the rail. Now it was that the passengers began to exhibit signs of a panio. They were all on deck, you understand, some praying and weeping, some sullen and silent, but all ready to rush to destruction, like a flock of sheep, as soon as a leader could be found. The leader was found when the flames finally b

He fibbed about the distance, but that was justified under the circumstances. Orders were given to take in all sail and aget the ship off before the wind, and when that had been accomplished the moment of be had six belleving plin and stood at the rail, and the Oabetian told off for the boats. We had six boats for the crowd. The first one loaded was put in charge of the carpenter; the next in charge of the boat way, there was mind the first boat away, there was a rush by frightened men, but we beat them back, and afterward there was no trouble. The people came up to be sounted on; women and children first, and other the control of the boats away, there was a rush by frightened men, but we beat them back, and afterward there was no trouble. The people came up to be sounted on; women and children first, and one to the loads, Grim deapair, had settled down on every countenance. Every face was ashy pale, lips blue, and not one in a dozen could utter a word, some of the women stared struight before them, as if ascintated by a horrible claim, and they want over the rail.

When I finally got away from the side of the burning raft in had intereen people in a boat which could not comfortably carry over thirteen. However, as there were eight women and court when the word of the six men of us I had only one sailor. Of the four others one was the rough knocked down by the Captain, a second was a spotaceled professor of botany, and the brief and fourth were young men going out to the word of the wind was a spotaceled professor of botany, and the rough knocked down by the Captain, a second was a spotaceled professor of botany, and the rough knocked down to the part of the was only a question of a few hours professor of botany, and the rough knocked down to the part of the sail of the country of the sail of the co

DOD STOREE OF THE PRESENT DAY

The Face of the Twente of the Ship Empress.

One of the most hopeless situations in which men, women, and children can be placed in the face of the foot and monaped and have witnessed many examples of itin my fifther the present as see. A few lines in case of fire or week on the cosean, and I have witnessed many examples of itin my fifther the present as see. A few lines in an eawspaper's many the present of the present and the present of the foot and have witnessed many examples of itin my fifther the present of the foot of the foot and have witnessed many examples of itin my fifther the present of the foot of the foot and have witnessed many examples of itin my fifther the present of the foot of

aduptive thick prevented them from realizing the situation.

It was a sunital next morning before the gradient of the street of stupor which prevented them from realizing the situation.

It was sunrise next morning before the gale broke, and nearly noon before we pulled in our

myself are alone left alive. We must be near the coast.

"Seventeenth day—The four of us were picked up by a schooner thirty miles off the coast. Plent of food and water left."

That's my story, sir; and I want to say that every death that took place in my boat was more the result of terror at the situation than for any substantial reason. We had an abundance of drink and food, plenty of room after three or four had gone, and one died after another simply because hope gave out and there was a collapse.

CONDENSED NOVELS.

Prevention Better than Cure. "I hope, my dear, said a newly made Bene-dict, " if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you won't be lonely."
"Oh, no, dear." she replied sweetly. "If you should find it necessary to be out I'll send for ma to keep me He's home early every night.

A Thoughtful Soul. "You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife. "Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly. "Well, to save you the fairned of gring out in this hot reather I have brought you some pine instead."

"How cool and comfortable you look, dear."

a bath ""
"No, mamma," was the reply, "I have been reading a lovescene from Howelia." The Right Size.

Girl (looking at hammocks)—Er—aren't these little smell, sir! Dealer—Flenty big enough to hold two, Miss. Girl blushes and buys one

said a mother to her daughter. " flave you been taking

Home, Sweet Home.

She (thoughtfully)—George, dear, are there not times in your life when the pathos and truth of that most beautiful of all songs, "Home, sweet home, here is no piace like home," appear to you with any times, and fill your soul with longing?

He is base halp layer)—Hes indeed, particularly when Pm on third base with two men out.

His Offense.

West Point Cadet (to young lady)-I am surprised to hear that Corporal Callow has been punished.
Did you learn what his offense was, Miss Smith?
Young Lady—I believe Lieut Bloudgeraray, that it
was conduct unbecoming either an officer or a guntleman, but I have forecution which.

THE NEW EMPEROR OF CHINA

His Installation as Seen by a Resident of Pekin, and its Effects. PERIN. May 25, 1887,-The Installation of

the young Emperor Kwang Heil, which took place on the Chinese New Year, was a very simple affair. It consisted in little more than calls made upon him by the Imperial family at one hour of the day and by the officials at another. This and a sacrifice at the Temple of Heaven and Earth in the Forbidden City was all the ceremeny, and the people of New York saw as much of it as we did here. As explained in a previous letter, the youth had already worshipped at the Eastern tombs, and shortly after his installation went with a great retinue of grandees and servants to the Western mausolea and repeated his perfunctory devotions there. His marriage is now in order, and the Empress Downger is selecting wives and concubines fo him without restriction as to number. But nothing of all this is made known to the foreigners. It is not known officially here that he

him without restriction as to number. But nothing of all this is made known to the foreigners. It is not known officially here that he has even assumed personal direction of the Government. No announcement has yet ocen made in the Garette. The foreign legations, so far as I can learn, have received no information in regard to it, except what they have picked up from unofficial sources. This may be due to the fact that the imperial advisers dread the question of giving andience to the Ministers, as required by the treaties, and want to put that trial off as long as possible.

So far, therefore, as any official information goes. China is still ruled by the Empress Dowager, who put the young Emperor on the throne, will choose his wives for him, and doubtless means to hold the reigs of power in person, if not in name. Prince Chun (generally known as the Seventh Prince), the Emperor faither, is still the leading mas in China, and nothing to change this fact car happen to him while his son livos; but he cannot serve under his son nor prostrate himself in his prosence as every subject is required by custom and have to do, hence the Empress Dowager nominally remains in power with the Emperor, and this, they may hope, will still further defer the audience question.

Prince Kung, the eldest brother of the late Emperor Tau Qwang, why was all-powerful up to a fow years ago, and has been in some degree rehabilitated, still has nothing to do with or for the Government, and takes no part in public saffairs.

The Marquis Tsong and his wife and daughters, lately returned from Europe, are in the habit of exchanging social calls and courtosies with the Foreign Ministers and their families, but this good examplenss no indicators, and as foreigners and all in Tientsin, and hereded to the world as the first rallroad in China, has been brought to Pekin with the hope that the Emperor w

CITIZEN LANGTRY.

Details of a Recent Important Event in the History of San Francisco. From the San Francisco Post.

Hereafter the 28th of June will mark an

Hereafter the 28th of June will mark an epoch in the history of San Francisco, for today Mrs. Langtry, late of Great Britain, renounced her old-sime allegiance to Queen Victoria, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, the Princess of Waled, and all the royal family, and declared her intention of becoming a citizen of the United States.

It was a proud liav for San Francisco.

The sun shone warm and pleasant on the little house at 1220 Twenty-first street, where the Langtry lives, and glistened through the bay window from which the Jersey Lily looked out upon one rose, four pinks, and six stunted geraniums. She stood at the window and looked out over the garden and upon the neglected street, where two children awesomely contemplated the body of a dead dog. By her side was the handsome, debonair los hey-noids, and about the room hustled the energetic Mr. Reogh, who arranged and rearranged four plush chairs, one lounge and a centre table, and looked as important as a lawyer's clerk at his first inquest.

"It's about time they were here," said Mrs. Langtry.

"Well, hardly," replied Mr. Keogh. "These

situte Tweaty-first street came nearer and nearer.

Mrs. Langtry started slightly, for hacks are not so compon at the Mission as to pass unnoticed in the mest graceful pose.

We had better leave the window, retired to the seclusion of one of the plush chairs, which she seclusion of one of the plush chairs, which she secupied in the mest graceful pose.

Her woman's intuition had not failed her, That for which she was walting had come. A hack dashed up to the door at 12:20, the driver imped down from the seat and opened the door with a deferential sir, and out jumped. Gen. William Henry Léngfellow Barnes, as genial and smiling as a debutante after her first recall. An instant later there alighted from the hack a small dapper man, clad in a light gray suit and a white plug hat and his coat lapel embellished with a bouquet that would put both Chief Beannell and the reductable Seonchin Maioney to shame. It was no less a personage than Frank D. Monckton, Esq. Proctor in Admiralty, Assistant Clerk of the United States Courts of the Northern District of Calif mia, and brother-in-law in onlinary to his effugent high mightness, L. S. B. Sawyer.

"Come on, Frani," said Gen. Barnes cheerily, as he rang the beliand the servant who opened the door after the sual ceremonies introduced them to the presence of Mrs. Langtry. She came forward to greet the General and held out her hand to him with that hail shy, gentle manner which makes her socharming. The gallart General took her hand and pressed it with more warmth than is usually considered necessary in the formal relations of lawyer and client, and made as if he were about to press the soft, white digits to his lips but his eye caught a queer look from Manages Keogh and he relinquished the pretty hand with one of those well-turned compliments that have mase thousands of the fair sex sighter him.

"There was something in the General's tone that conveyed the idea that he was on quite good terms with the lady, and at the same time for him to attend to some small details. Evident

to make one of the loveliest of for sex a citizen of the country she has girilled by her presence."

Airs, Langtry bowed again, Ger. Barnes suffered a shade of annoyance to swal across his handsome face, Joe Reynolds boked at Mr. Keogh and shaped his lips to say 'taffy,' but thought better of it, and then firs, Langtry held up her right hand and selemnly swess that she renounced all allegiance to all foreign potentates, and most especially to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Iriland and Empress of India, and the ceremony was over.

"Madam, the finest lady in the world is now nearly a citizen of the finest fountry in the world," said tien. Barnes, with graceful bow. A blush suffused the fair face of the Lily as she replied: "I have been thatin heart a long time. I shall be so proud to beable to call myself a citizen of your lovely Calfornia."

"A glass of wine in honoroft this event," suggested Mrs. Langtry, aftef a pause. The Goneral accepted, early touring his lips to his glass, and then he led the invilling Monekton from the house, while Citizen Langtry went out to enjoy a constitutional.

A Labor-saving Pirchase.

Wife—Now that you have bught a cow, who will milk it?
Hustand—Oh, he says the calf des that. So we'll have all the milk we want.